

TALES OF HORROR AND SUSPENSE!



No. 2

10c

# EERIE



The CHAMBER of DEATH  
The STRANGER in STUDIO X  
HONEYMOON of HORROR  
The THING from the SEA

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



**WHY**

DOES A SILENT, GHASTLY SHAPE  
WALK THE OCEAN FLOOR TOWARD  
THE NORTH AMERICAN COAST? READ  
THE 'SPINE CHILLING ANSWER IN...  
"THE THING FROM THE  
SEA!"'

STUDIO

X

ON THE

AIR

**WHAT**

WAS THE SINISTER  
BARGAIN THAT  
TURNED THE WEDDING  
OF SALLY AND NEIL  
RICHARDS INTO THE  
NIGHTMARE AND MADNESS  
OF "A HONEYMOON  
OF HORROR"?

Tales of terror, spawned  
in the eternal stygian blackness  
of evil and death... Out of  
the unknown horrors of  
the night come these  
stories of **SUSPENSE!**

**WHO**

WAS THE STRANGER  
THAT VISITED A MIDNIGHT  
DISC-JOCKEY PROGRAM...  
AND WHAT WAS HIS WEIRD  
INFLUENCE THAT CHANGED  
THE LIVES OF THOSE  
WHO ENCOUNTERED  
"THE STRANGER  
IN STUDIO X"?

READ...

**"IT IS NOW  
MIDNIGHT!"**

# THE THING FROM THE SEA!



ON BOARD THE FREIGHT STEAMER HAVANA,  
UNDER THE SHADOW OF A LIFEBOAT, THREE  
SAILORS TOSS DICE . . .



IT CAME UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN, A ROTTING SOMETHING FROM WHICH THE FLESH SLOUGHED OFF AS IT WALKED, THE HOLLOWES, WHERE ITS EYES HAD GLARED OUT AT THE WORLD...AS IF ETERNALLY SEEKING SOMEONE. AS IT WALKED, PAST THE ANCIENT WRECKS, AND THE FISH THAT PLAYED IN THEM, ITS HANDS REACHED OUT, CLAWING, AS THOUGH TO REACH THE MAN IT WANTED.

AND IN THE REALM OF THE LIVING, ABLE SEAMAN JOHNNY SMITHERS LAUGHED AND LOVED, NEVER DREAMING THAT DESTINY WAS COMING HIS WAY ON DEAD FEET. NO NEED FOR HIM TO WORRY...OR WAS THERE?



YOU DID CHEAT!  
I GOT A GOOD  
MIND TO---  
YOU PALMED THOSE  
DICE! HELD 'EM SO  
THEY WOULDN'T  
BOUNCE BUT WOULD  
SLIDE ACROSS THE  
DECK! I WON'T  
PAY—

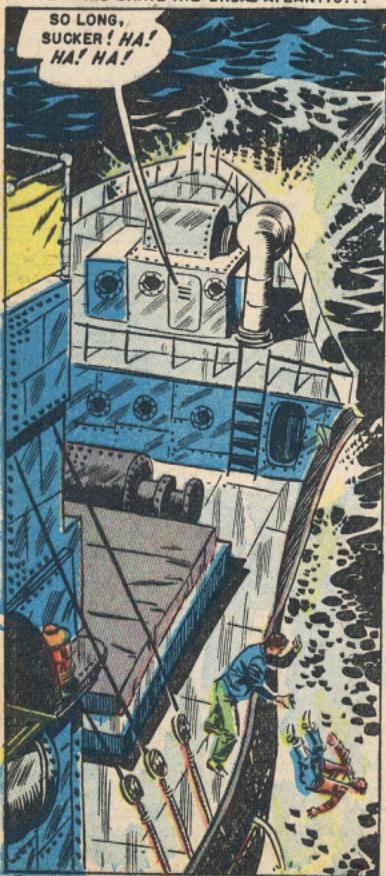


WON'T, HEY? WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT THAT! YOU GO BELOW  
DECK WITH ME TO THE SKIP-  
PER'S OFFICE. WE GOT A REAL  
SKIPPER ON THIS FREIGHTER.  
HE MAKES YOU WELCHERS  
PAY YOUR DEBTS! COME ON!



NOW THAT A CUT OF YOUR PAY  
IS SAFE IN MY NAME, I WON'T  
BE NEEDING YOU ANYMORE,  
MURRAY! I HEARD YOU  
TELLIN' NED YOU WAS FIXIN'  
TO SHOW ME UP AS A  
CROOKED PLAYER AT UNION  
HEADQUARTERS!

A BLUNT THUD IN THE NIGHT! A HEAVE OF  
POWERFUL SHOULDERS AND SEAMAN EDDIE  
MURRAY GOES HURTLING OVER THE SHIP'S  
SIDE—HIS GRAVE THE BROAD ATLANTIC...



SO LONG,  
SUCKER! HA!  
HA! HA!

DOWN THROUGH THE COLD DEPTHS OF THE GREEN-GREY  
WATER SLIDES THE LIMP BODY OF SEAMAN MURRAY...



FOR A LITTLE WHILE A STREAM OF BUBBLES RISES FROM  
HIS MOUTH. AND AFTER A TIME, THEY STOP...



SLOWLY THE DEAD MAN SETTLES INTO THE Ooze AND  
MUD OF THE OCEAN'S FLOOR. HIS EYES OPEN TO STARE  
SIGHTLESSLY. HE STIRS—AND LIFTS AN ARM..

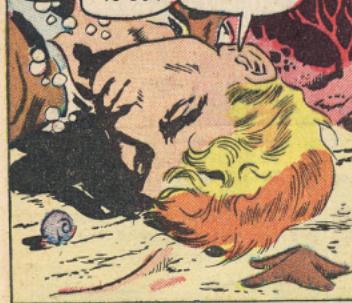


EDDIE MURRAY! YOU ARE DEAD. YOU WERE KILLED BY JOHNNY SMITHERS! REMEMBER? NO, YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER. YOU DIDN'T SEE IT HAPPEN...

WHERE AM I? IS

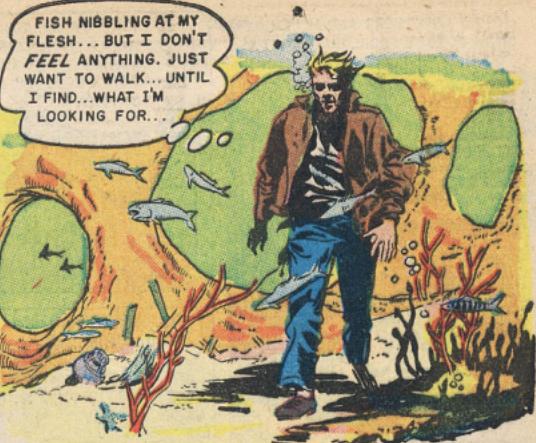
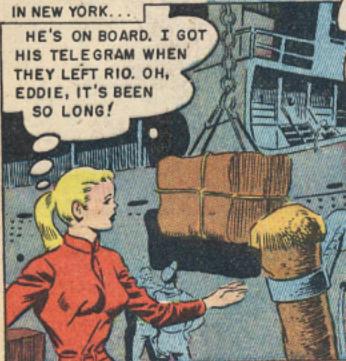
THIS WATER ALL AROUND ME? I'M NOT BREATHING... BUT I FEEL STRONG. AND THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO DO!

FISH NIBBLING AT MY FLESH... BUT I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING. JUST WANT TO WALK... UNTIL I FIND... WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...



WHILE THE WALKING HORROR STALKS THE OCEAN BOTTOM, THE HAVANA DOCKS IN NEW YORK...

HE'S ON BOARD. I GOT HIS TELEGRAM WHEN THEY LEFT RIO. OH, EDDIE, IT'S BEEN SO LONG!



DO YOU KNOW A SEAMAN MURRAY? I'M HIS GIRL FRIEND. WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED...

SURE, I KNOW HIM. HE GOT DRUNK ONE NIGHT AND FELL OVERBOARD!

HMM... DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD SUCH GOOD TASTE!

O-OVERBOARD...? SOBE POOR EDDIE... OH, MY POORDARLING!

NO SENSE CRYIN' OVER WHAT'S HAPPENED! COME ALONG WITH ME AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!



EDDIE WAS A SWELL GUY. ONLY ONE TROUBLE — HE COULDN'T SHOOT DICE. MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS BECAUSE HE LOST SO MUCH MONEY THAT HE — FELL OVERBOARD!

HE WAS TRYING TO WIN MONEY SO WE COULD GET MARRIED!



MOVING SLOWLY PAST THE WRECK OF A LONG SUNKEN SHIP, FEET SLOGGING IN THE MUD, A THING THAT ONCE WAS HUMAN STALKS FORWARD.

HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE... THE MAN WHO SENT ME DOWN HERE! I WONDER HOW HE'D LIKE TO WALK FOREVER ALONG THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN... WITH ME?



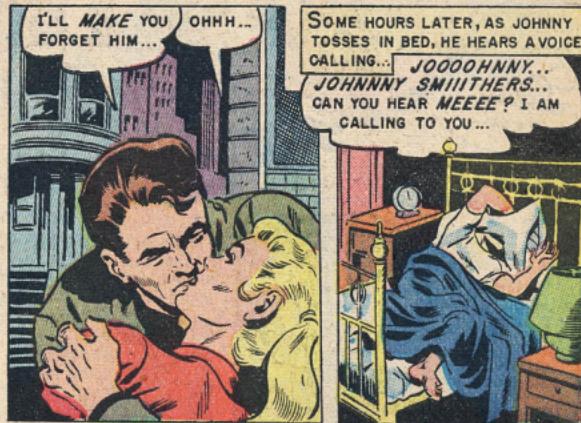
JOHNNY SMITHERS AND HELEN JONES  
SOON FORGET EDDIE MURRAY. IT IS  
TOO MUCH FUN BEING ALIVE...

LET YOURSELF  
GO, BABY!

I'M HAVING SO  
MUCH FUN!

I-I'D KIND OF FORGOTTEN  
THERE WERE SUCH THINGS  
AS LAUGHTER... POOR EDDIE!  
I WONDER WHERE HE IS  
TONIGHT?

FORGET HIM, WILL YA! YOU  
GIVE ME THE CREEPS...



HELLOOOO, JOHNNY! REMEMBER  
MEEE? EDDIE MURRAY! THE MAN  
YOU KILLED AND THREW OVER-  
BOARD!

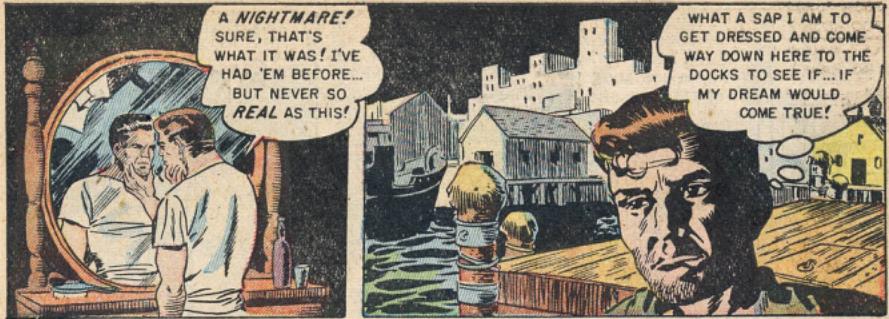


I'M COMING FOR YOU,  
JOOOOHNNY! I'M  
LONELY DOWN ON  
THE BOTTOM OF THE  
OCEAN!

NO! GO  
AWAY...  
YOU'RE  
DEAD!  
YOU'RE  
ROTTING AWAY!  
YOU AREN'T  
ALIVE...

AAAAAGHHH!  
GET AWAY... AGHHH!  
NO... NO! I DON'T  
WANT TO GO DOWN  
THERE... NOT WITH  
YOU... AAAAGOOHH!







HELEN! WAKE UP! CALL THE POLICE! HELP! PULL ME LOOSE FROM THIS HORROR! HIS FLESH IS ROTTEN! HELP!



IN THE EARLY DAWN OF A NEW YORK MORNING... WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS...

NO USE TO STRUGGLE ANYMORE, JOHNNY. YOU'LL LIKE IT DOWN ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. WE'LL WALK ALONG IT LIKE THIS FOR A LONG TIME, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT...



JUST THINK, JOHNNY! YOU'RE GOING TO WALK THE OCEAN FLOOR WITH THE MAN YOU MURDERED!

NO...NO...



JOHNNY SMITHERS GOES MAD! THE FEEL OF THAT COLD AND SLIMY HAND, SENDS COLD SHUDDERS DOWN HIS SPINE...

HELEN! IF YOU'LL ONLY GRAB MY HAND... I CAN BREAK FREE OF HIM. HELEN! WAKE UP---HELEN!!



NO...NO...NO! I'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR MONEY... I WON'T SEE HELEN EVER AGAIN... JUST LET ME GO... LET ME GO...



I DON'T CARE ABOUT MONEY ANYMORE! I'VE FORGOTTEN HELEN, TOO! ALL I WANT IS YOU, JOHNNY... ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

JOHNNY'S SCREAM GURGLES IN HIS THROAT. HE CLUTCHES EMPTY AIR...



AND THEN THERE IS JUST EMPTY WATER, ROLLING ENDLESSLY OVER THE OCEAN FLOOR WHERE TWO MEN WALK, FOREVER...



# a honeymoon of HORROR!

SMITH



LOUIS RAVIELLI—

SO LONG, MOM  
AND DAD, SALLY,  
I'LL WRITE  
YOU AS SOON  
AS WE GET TO  
CENTRAL FALLS.

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT US,  
SON, YOU KIDS  
HAVE FUN AND  
MAKE YOUR  
HONEYMOON  
SOMETHING TO  
REMEMBER, GOOD-  
BYE, MR. AND MRS.  
RICHARDS!

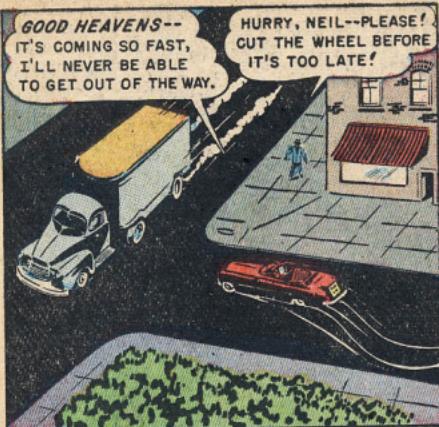
GOSH, IT'S LIKE A DREAM,  
SALLY. YOU'RE MY WIFE AT  
LAST. I CAN HARDLY  
BELIEVE IT!

YOU'D BETTER, NEIL  
RICHARDS, BECAUSE  
THAT'S WHAT I'M  
GOING TO BE FROM  
NOW ON -- 'TIL  
DEATH DO US  
PART!

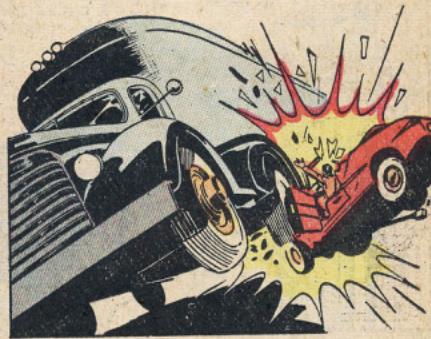
BRR--DO YOU HAVE TO GET SO  
GRIM ABOUT IT? I'D RATHER  
TALK ABOUT MORE PLEASANT...  
WAIT--WHAT'S THAT?

NEIL, DARLING --  
COMING OUT OF THAT  
SIDE STREET! WATCH  
OUT!





THE PROTESTING SQUEAL OF BRAKES MINGLES WITH AGONIZING SCREAMS OF A HUMAN VOICE -- FOR ONE FATEFUL MOMENT. THEN...



SILENCE HANGS OVER THE CRASH LIKE A PALL OF DEATH. THEN, FEEBLE STIRRINGS SOUND AS...

WH...WHERE AM I? WAIT--- I REMEMBER. SALLY--SALLY-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

LOOK, TOM, ONE OF THEM'S ALIVE. LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!

MY WIFE--SHE'S PINNED IN THERE. I'VE GOT TO GET TO HER. WE CAN'T LET HER DIE.

HOLD ON, BUD, YOU CAN'T MOVE THAT STUFF BY YOURSELF. I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND. WAIT--THERE'S NO NEED TO HURRY NOW.

SORRY, MISTER, BUT SHE'S DEAD!

YOU'RE LYING-- SHE CAN'T BE! SALLY-- MY WIFE... NO!



FOR DAYS, NEIL RICHARDS IS A MAN LIVING IN A SHADOW WORLD. HIS WIFE'S FUNERAL, BURIAL -- EVERYTHING IS LOST IN THE DIM HAZE OF A SORROW-CRUSHED MIND. ONLY ONE THING IS REAL-- THE GRAVE. AND DAY AFTER DAY, NEIL RETURNS TO KEEP A MOURNFUL VIGIL, AS...

I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU, SALLY DEAR, NEVER! OH, IF ONLY I COULD SEE YOU, HEAR YOU...TOUCH YOU ONCE MORE. I'D DO ANYTHING FOR THAT.



YES, SALLY, I'D EVEN SACRIFICE MY LIFE AND ETERNAL SOUL TO BE WITH YOU. WAIT--WHO'S THAT?







NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE PSYCHIATRIST...

THAT'S THE WHOLE YES, MR. RICHARDS.  
GRUESOME STORY, DOC! IN MY PROFESSION I'VE  
COME TO BELIEVE MANY STRANGE THINGS. STILL,  
I THINK YOU'RE THE VICTIM OF YOUR OWN MIND.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?  
I TELL YOU I SAW AND  
HEARD ALL THESE THINGS!  
I EVEN SIGNED MY LIFE AWAY  
IN BLOOD...MY OWN BLOOD.

EASY, NEIL! ALL I WAS TRYING TO SAY WAS THAT YOU WERE PROBABLY SUFFERING A HALLUCINATION, BROUGHT ON BY THE SHOCK OF YOUR WIFE'S DEATH.



SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY, UNDER THE EXPERT CARE OF DOCTOR KUBNOR, NEIL RICHARDS BEGINS TO FIND HIS WAY BACK TO THE WORLD OF REALITY AND SANITY. THEN ONE DARK NIGHT, WEEKS LATER...



STOP IT--YOU DON'T EXIST! YOU'RE JUST A PHANTOM OF MY IMAGINATION. GO AWAY!

DON'T BE A FOOL, RICHARDS! TONIGHT I HAVE A LOVELY SURPRISE FOR YOU. LOOK, MY FRIEND!

IT...IT'S SALLY! YOU FILTHY BEAST--YOU'VE MADE HER ONE OF YOUR DEVIL'S- SPAWN!



QUITE THE CONTRARY, MY DEAR RICHARDS, YOU DID. I HAVE YOUR SIGNATURE TO PROVE IT, TOO. BUT, WE WASTE PRECIOUS TIME TALKING. THE MOMENT HAS COME FOR YOU TO JOIN YOUR BRIDE. TAKE HIM, MY FRIENDS!

AT THE COMMAND OF THEIR MASTER, THE UNCLEAN DWELLERS OF THE GROUND CREEP CLOSER AND CLOSER TO NEIL RICHARDS. SUDDENLY...

AARGH--DR. KUBNOR-- HELP ME! HELP!



AS OUTSIDE THE CEMETERY...

I THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE TOUGH ON THE BOY, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO CURE HIS FEARS. I HOPE HE'S...WAIT-- THAT SCREAM! IT'S NEIL!

I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM...AND QUICKLY! I'VE NEVER HEARD A HUMAN VOICE SO ANGUISHED. WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD?

GOOD HEAVENS... THOSE HIDEOUS, MISSHAPEN THINGS. THEY SEEM TO BE CARRYING OFF SOMEONE. IT'S TOO DARK... I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING CLEARLY.



THEY'RE INHUMAN--NO MAN COULD HAVE DREAMED OF THESE BEINGS. FIGHT THEM, NEIL, I'M COMING!



BUT AS THE DOCTOR HASTENS TO AID HIS STRUGGLING FRIEND, HIS FOOT SINKS INTO THE SLIME OF A GRAVE, AND...



NOW ONLY THE DISMAL MOANING OF THE WIND IN THE TREES BREAKS THE HUSH OF THE DEAD. SOMETIME LATER...



THERE'S HIS WIFE'S GRAVE! GOOD LORD---THOSE FOOT-PRINTS COULD ONLY BE HIS! THEY GO RIGHT TO THE EDGE OF THE GRAVE AND DISAPPEAR!



HE'S JOINED HIS WIFE AT LAST! WHAT AM I SAYING? I'M A DOCTOR... THIS IS MADNESS. I MUST GET HELP. STILL WHO'S GOING TO LISTEN TO ME WHEN I TELL THIS STORY?



STUMBLING THROUGH THE CEMETERY, DR. KUBNOR ARRIVES AT THE CARETAKER'S HOUSE. IN A FRENZY, HE SHOUTS AND BANGS ON THE DOOR...



THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE IN. I NEED YOUR HELP--- DESPERATELY!

MY, MY... SUCH NOISE! WELL, WHAT IS IT, MY FRIEND?





*The Story Behind The Cover..*

# The CHAMBER of DEATH!

THE THING that I am about to relate happened to me on what was to be the first and last day of my service as a rookie policeman. It also accounts for my decision to leave the force the next day, as well as to leave that cursed city as well. I have never spoken of it for fear of my sanity being questioned, but I am now writing it for the record.

I had been assigned to the outskirts of the city; a lonely beat that ran alongside the cemetery which borders the city line. Being the newest man at the precinct, I drew the worst hours and the loneliest beat—the hours immediately after midnight, and the walk along and through the cemetery.

It was a moonless night and cold. I started walking my beat at midnight with the discordant ringing of the cracked bell at the cemetery chapel gonging out the hour. There was no one in sight, not even a keeper at the gates. I walked along the picket fence at the graveyard's edge, through the rusty gates, and along the overgrown path through the center of the cemetery.

We had to patrol there, for several ugly crimes had occurred in that deserted spot. The cemetery was very old, much of it had long gone to rot and decay; rumor had it that the first settlers had placed it on the site of an old Indian, and possibly pre-Indian graveyard, that had been there for centuries before the Pilgrims came to this part of New England. I walked, my shoes echoing emptily against the lonely ground. Tombstones leaned at crazy angles, white and grey, in the night; an occasional weather-streaked and neglected mausoleum

shone whitely amid the weeds as my search-light played over it. I saw no one.

Then I noticed a light. An eerily swaying, flickering, greenish light, moving somewhere over in the darkest and oldest part of the cemetery. I stopped and watched it, then started silently across the graves towards it. I wanted to seize whoever the intruder was, and I didn't want to warn them of my presence.

It seemed to be moving around an old mausoleum, and as I drew closer, it seemed to disappear inside the tomb! I reached the spot seconds afterwards. The light was gone, but the ancient crumbling stone vault had been opened—for its greenish bronze door was ajar.

I grabbed the edge of the door, swung it silently open. I saw before me that instead of the inside of a tomb, there was a flight of stone steps—going down into the subterranean depths! Into the areas below the graveyard. Down, disappearing on those steps, was that flickering, weird light!

I followed, closing the door, but not allowing it to shut altogether. I was in total darkness save for that eerie glimmer, swaying down the stone steps far below me!

Down the stairs I went, silently, guided by that ghostly light. I must have descended several hundred steps, far below the ground, far below the level of the city, when at last the steps ended on the floor of an old abandoned sewer.

The floor of the sewer, unknown to the city, was ankle deep in stinking, stagnant water—seepage from the worm-rotten earth above. Before me, in that passage beneath the graveyard, the greenish light was bob-

bing, and now I saw that there were two such lights!

I followed them as silently as I could. All about me there was darkness and damp, about my feet the cold vile water slushed. The rotting brick walls were slimy to the touch. The squeak of rats and the swish of their loathsome bodies in the water came to me. Then, somehow, I had come around a bend and found that I had taken some sort of short cut, for the bearers of the lights were passing directly before me

What I saw I shall never forget. The thing, the awful thing that led—for there were three figures in single file—was a creature of sheer nightmare, a product of Satan's nethermost hell! It was huge, seven or eight feet, and its head was a bare and grinning skull. Rags covered its huge bony frame—moldy corpse rags—and it leaned upon a bone for support that could have come from no monster that ever walked this earth! Cackling upon its shoulder, chained there, was a vile batlike thing with rubbery wings and a monkey's face. The skeleton monster carried a lantern, a flickering green flame within it, and a chain from that hand swung back to connect with the wrist of . . . a girl.

She walked directly behind the skeleton, and she stared before her without expression. Her eyes were stunned with horror, her hair fell in disarray about her shoulders, she walked in bare feet through the dirty water, and there was something about her features that made me think I knew her. But I could not seem to remember where I had seen her. The chain on her wrist continued on to end in the hand of an old and bearded man who walked last in line, carrying another lantern. His lined and timelessly evil face looked like that of Father Time.

The three passed without noticing me. I followed slowly after them, in a daze of horror, my mind reeling as I tried to figure out the meaning of it all. From time to time, I noticed the skeletons that lay on the tunnel floor, the batlike monsters that

squawked and yammered as the trio passed—then ahead at last I saw that the tunnel came to an end in a haze of sullen red light.

I watched them grow closer to that tunnel's end, and I saw that it was the opening of some sort of great chamber, an area lit with a red flickering glow, like some giant oven. They vanished across the threshold and to that spot I myself staggered until at last I stood at the very end of the tunnel passage and gazed into the hidden underground chamber.

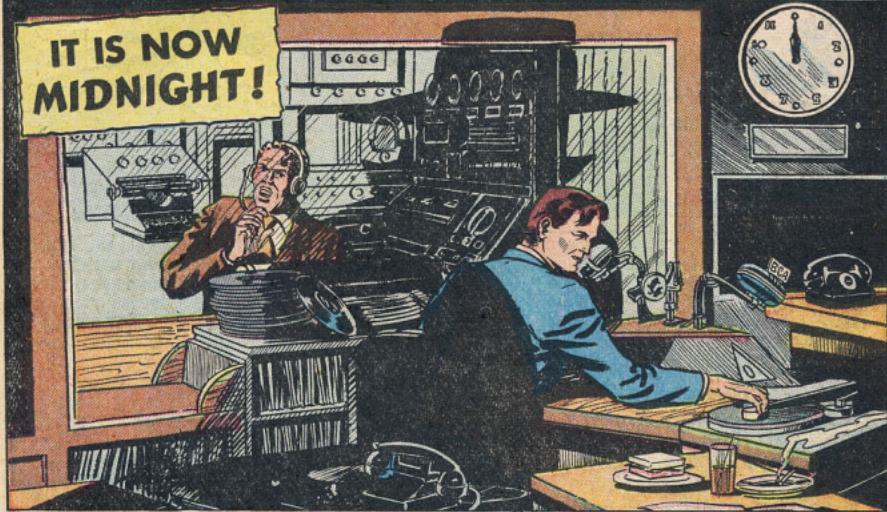
It was a cavern that seemed to have no end, that seemed to go down and down into the very bowels of the earth. Red fires danced through it and the shapes of horrible beings leered and did unspeakable things within it. I cannot describe it—no description could do it justice.

I fled then; I fled wildly, madly, in an insane frenzy. I ran through the sewer, retracing my path, the bat-things screaming at me and flapping rubbery around me, the skeletons cracking beneath my flying feet. Somehow I found my way back, somehow I clambered up those hundreds of time-worn stairs, reached the door of the old tomb, slammed it shut, and fled screaming from the cemetery, back to the lamp-lit streets of the sleeping city.

For I knew where I had been. I had at last remembered where I had seen that girl. It had been her face I had seen in the papers that very day, sullen and unrepentant. It had been she, the murderer who had slain her family in cold blood, who had gone to the gallows that very night, who had been hung by the state for foul murder, and consigned for her evil to everlasting damnation.

It was she that the demons had taken. It was her cursed soul that had marched in chains through the ancient cemetery and down into the haunted ground under the guard of Satan's own messengers—and it was to the very gates of Hell itself I had followed her, and I had looked for one ghastly moment into that crimson-flamed chamber.

# THE STRANGER IN STUDIO X!



IT WAS THE WEIRDEST FIFTEEN MINUTES THAT ANYONE AT RADIO STATION WBOR EVER REMEMBERED. THE SPINE TINGLING SERIES OF MISADVENTURES, WHICH MADE THAT NIGHT SO MEMORABLE, BEGAN EXACTLY AT *MIDNIGHT*, ON AN OTHERWISE ROUTINE EVENING...AND THERE WERE THOSE WHO SAW IN THE OCCURRENCES OF THE NEXT QUARTER HOUR THE SORT OF EERIE PUZZLE TO WHICH NO MAN WOULD EVER FIND AN ANSWER. THOSE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN MOMENTS OF *BEWILDERMENT* AND *FEAR* STARTED IN THE MIDDLE OF DAWN CREIGHTON'S POPULAR DISC JOCKEY PROGRAM...STARTED, IN FACT, AT THE VERY MOMENT THE DOOR TO CREIGHTON'S BROADCASTING BOOTH OPENED, AND IN WALKED... "*THE STRANGER IN STUDIO X!*"

THE TWELVE O'CLOCK TIME-SIGNAL HAD JUST SOUNDED, ON WBOR'S MOST POPULAR PLATTER-SPINNING PROGRAM...

... IT IS

NOW MIDNIGHT, FOLKS... HALF-WAY THROUGH THE PROGRAM THAT NONE OF US WILL EVER BE ABLE TO FORGET!

STUDIO X  
ON THE AIR

AND HERE, NIGHT OWLS, IS THE RECORD THAT SO MANY OF YOU HAVE BEEN REQUESTING IN YOUR TELEPHONE CALLS TO ME...

HEY, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A PRIVATE STUDIO, MISTER...NO ONE'S ALLOWED IN HERE WHILE THE PROGRAM'S ON THE AIR!





M-MIKE! MIKE ALLAN!  
I JUST HEARD THE CRAZIEST  
STORY ABOUT YOU, OLD-  
TIMER! SOME WEIRD CHARACTER  
SNEAKED INTO STUDIO X DUR-  
ING MY BROADCAST  
AND TOLD ME  
THAT YOU...HEH,  
HEH...THIS'LL KILL  
YOU WHEN YOU  
HEAR IT...





MISTER... YOU DIDN'T  
WANDER IN HERE  
ACCIDENTALLY!

YOU'RE RIGHT... I DID  
HAVE A REASON FOR  
COMING TO STUDIO X!

I MEANT TO GIVE THIS TO YOU  
IMMEDIATELY... BUT THINGS  
HAVE BEEN HAPPENING SO  
FAST...

WHAT IS  
IT?

YOUR HOUSE WAS DESTROYED  
BY FIRE LESS THAN A HALF-HOUR AGO...

H-HOUSE,  
DESTROYED  
BY FIRE...?  
B-BUT MY  
WIFE....  
T-THE BABY...

"...JEAN... CRITICAL CONDITON! AND THE BABY...  
ALMOST, NO HOPE FOR  
HER SURVIVAL!" G-GOTTA  
GET OVER TO MERCY HOSPITAL!

WHAT'S THE MATTER,  
DON? YOU LOOK AS  
IF YOU'VE SEEN A  
GHOST!

GOT TO GET  
OVER TO  
MERCY HOS-  
PITAL AS SOON  
AS I CAN! YOU  
TAKE OVER...



T-THERE MUST BE AN  
EXPLANATION FOR ALL  
THIS...

I'M SURE EVERY-  
THING WILL WORK  
OUT ALL RIGHT!



STICK AROUND, STRANGER! WHEN I  
GET BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL...  
YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT THIS  
WHOLE WEIRD EVENING IS  
ABOUT... OR ELSE...

YES, MR.  
CREIGHTON....  
WHATEVER  
YOU SAY!



NO SOONER HAD FRIGHTENED DON CREIGHTON FLED FROM STUDIO X THAN THE STRANGER LEANED FORWARD...



WE INTERRUPT THE DON CREIGHTON NIGHT-OWL PROGRAM TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF TRAGIC IMPORTANCE! AT EXACTLY 12:15 THIS EVENING, IN FRONT OF THE WBOR BROADCAST STUDIOS, TWO VEHICLES COLLIDED IN AN ACCIDENT WHICH COULD BE HEARD FOR BLOCKS AROUND!



WE ANNOUNCE THE DEATH, IN THAT ACCIDENT, OF AN ENTERTAINER ON THE NIGHT-OWL PROGRAM, MR. DON CREIGHTON! HE WAS KILLED AT PRECISELY 12:15 THIS EVENING!



D-DON... DEAD! IT CAN'T BE! IT'S ONLY 12:14 NOW... AND HE SAID 12:15! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... AND, YET...



I- IT'S OLD MIKE, ALL RIGHT! MUST HAVE TOPPED DOWN THE STAIRS AND BROKEN HIS NECK!

HAPPENED AROUND MIDNIGHT AS CLOSE AS WE CAN FIGURE!

HEAR ABOUT OLD MAN ZANDER? CLOSED HIS GARAGE DOORS, TURNED ON HIS CAR MOTOR AND WENT TO SLEEP! HAPPENED JUST A COUPLE MINUTES AFTER MIDNIGHT FROM WHAT I HEAR... STRANGEST THING I EVER RUN ACROSS!



LOOKED LIKE DON CREIGHTON TEARING OUT OF THE BUILDING JUST NOW, DIDN'T IT?

DON JUST FOUND OUT THAT HIS HOUSE BURNED DOWN AND THAT HIS WIFE AND KID ARE BADLY BURNED!





# DO YOU KNOW?



**T**HIS ANCIENT EGYPTIANS CONDUCTED THEIR TRIALS IN DARKNESS SO THAT JUDGES WOULD NOT BE SWAYED BY THE APPEARANCE OF PRISONERS OR WITNESSES. HENCE, THE EXPRESSION "JUSTICE IS BLIND"



**C**INDERELLA'S GLASS SLIPPER WAS ORIGINALLY FUR. THROUGH THE MISTAKE OF A BAD TRANSLATOR IT BECAME THE FAMILIAR GLASS ONE WE KNOW TODAY.



**T**HE WORD "RYE" IN THE SONG "COMING THROUGH THE RYE" REFERS TO THE RIVER RYE IN SCOTLAND. IF A BOY CATCHES A GIRL COMING (WADING-) HE MAY CLAIM A KISS.



**I**N 1514, SIR JOHN WALLOP, BRITISH ADMIRAL, SUCCEEDED IN THRASHING THE FRENCH NAVY SO WELL THAT THE EXPRESSION "WE WALLOPED THEM" CAME INTO BEING, ADDING A NEW WORD, "WALLOP" TO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

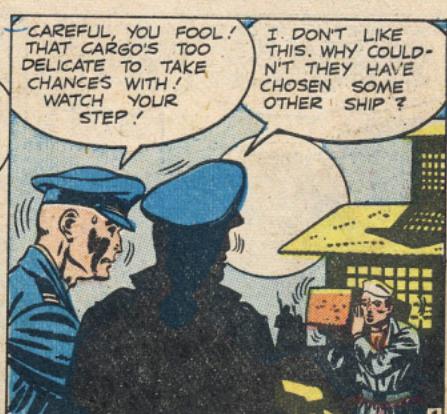


**T**HE EXPRESSION "DEAD AS A HERRING" ARISES FROM THE FACT THAT NO HERRING HAS EVER BEEN TAKEN ALIVE. THEY DIE INSTANTLY ON BEING REMOVED FROM THE WATER.

# NIGHTMARE!



IN THEIR GREED FOR POWER SOME NATIONS MIGHT GO TO ANY LENGTH TO DESTROY THOSE WHO STAND IN THEIR WAY TO ACHIEVE WORLD DOMINATION. NOW THAT THE SECRET OF THE ATOM BOMB IS KNOWN TO OTHERS, THE UNITED STATES MUST BE DOUBLY CAREFUL OF ATTACK WITH ITS OWN WEAPON. U.S. AGENT ANDRIKO BANOFF HELD THE KNOWLEDGE OF JUST SUCH AN ATTACK. ON HIM RESTED THE FATE OF THOUSANDS OF LIVES AND THE DESTRUCTION OF NEW YORK HARBOR.



**S**HORTLY AFTER THE KARIS SAILS FROM THE CLOSELY GUARDED PIER AND BY DAWN, IS FAR OUT AT SEA.

VERY PECULIAR THINGS GO ON ABOARD THIS SHIP. LAST NIGHT THEY BROUGHT ON VERY MYSTERIOUS BOXES...WRAPPED IN LEAD! AN HOUR LATER WE SAIL. MIGHTY QUEER, EH COMRADE?

BAH! YOU'RE CRAZY!

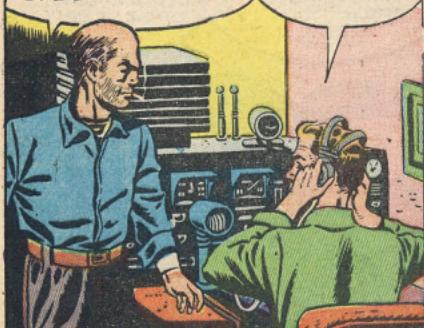


MAYBE I'D BETTER WAIT TIL WE HIT MID-ATLANTIC. LESS CHANCE OF INTERFERENCE. HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME IF THEY KNEW I WAS A U.S. AGENT!



REMEMBER, IF ANY CALLS COME, GET ME IN A HURRY. IF YOU DON'T, WE'RE BOTH IN TROUBLE!

DON'T WORRY, KINSKI! I CAN HANDLE IT ALL RIGHT!



CRAZY, HUH? I WAS ONE OF THOSE WHO HELPED BRING THE BOXES ABOARD. YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THE CAPTAIN WHEN I SLIPPED.

ENOUGH! I AM NOT INTERESTED. THE LESS I KNOW THE BETTER I DO MY JOB. I AM ONLY A SEAMAN.

**B**UT LATE THAT NIGHT BANOFF EXPLORES THE BUNKERS OF THE KARIS.

HE WAS RIGHT! THEY'RE WRAPPED IN LEAD ALL RIGHT. WHEW! IF THEY ARE WHAT I THINK I'VE GOT TO GET WORD TO WASHINGTON RIGHT AWAY!



FOUR DAYS LATER, AS THE KARIS PLOWS THROUGH HEAVY SEAS IN MID-ATLANTIC, BANOFF LURES THE WIRELESS OPERATOR FROM HIS SET IN AN EFFORT TO GET A WARNING MESSAGE TO WASHINGTON.



**M**OMENTS LATER BANOFF'S MESSAGE IS PICKED UP BY AN F.B.I. MONITORING STATION ON THE VIRGINIA COAST..

CHARLIE! LOOK AT THIS! TO QUEEN BEE...AGENT NK4 ABOARD FREIGHTER KARIS BOUND FOR NORFOLK. BELIEVE VESSEL CARRIES ATOM BOMB COMPONENTS. BOARD AND SEARCH. URGENT! REPEAT. URGENT!

**WOW!**  
I'LL CALL WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY!



**B**UT TWO DAYS LATER AND FIFTY MILES OFF NORFOLK A SURPRISING EVENT TAKES PLACE...

SEE, I TOLD YOU THERE WAS SOMETHING GOING ON. NOW THEY ARE CHANGING THE NAME OF THE SHIP TO THE VESTNA AND WE ARE LANDING IN NEW YORK!



**B**UT THAT NIGHT AS BANOFF APPROACHES THE RADIO CABIN HE FINDS IT GUARDED...

WHAT DO YOU WANT UP HERE, ANDRIKO? I HAVE ORDERS TO KEEP EVERYONE AWAY FROM THE RADIO ROOM!

AH! YOU FRIGHTENED ME! I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK PETER IF HE WANTED SOME COFFEE. WHAT'S GOING ON, ANYWAY?



I DON'T KNOW! WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS. I DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!

NOW GET OUT OF HERE! ALL RIGHT, I'M GOING!

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? IF I DON'T GET WORD ASHORE, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WILL HAPPEN! THEY CAN WRECK THE HARBOR, AND KILL THOUSANDS! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



**D**ESPERATE, THE FATE OF NEW YORK IN HIS HANDS, BANOFF IS UNABLE TO ACT AS THE DEATH LADEN SHIP ANCHORS IN THE NARROWS...

ALL RIGHT, SHE'S WORKING NOW. SWING THE HOOK OVER.



RIGHT! WATCH OUT BELOW!

TIME IS WASTING! GOT TO GET A WARNING OUT, BUT HOW? THAT CHAIN! I WONDER...

AS THE CABLE AND HOOK SWEEP THE DECK BANOFF DELIBERATELY STEPS IN ITS PATH...

LOOK OUT! WELL, HERE GOES... MAN OVER-BOARD! MAN OVER-BOARD!



**M**INUTES LATER...

IT IS TOO BAD! HE NEVER CAME UP. THAT HOOK MUST'VE CRUSHED HIS SKULL.

WE MAY AS WELL GO BACK TO THE SHIP. I GUESS HE'S GONE, POOR ANDRIKO.

PHEW! NOW IF I CAN SWIM TO SHORE WITHOUT BEING SEEN, THERE MIGHT STILL BE TIME.



**B**ACK ON THE FREIGHTER...

I DONT LIKE IT! HE MAY BE DEAD AND THEN AGAIN HE MAY NOT. WE'LL USE THE EMERGENCY PLAN!

I AGREE. WITH THE BOXES UNDER THE WATER AND THE DUPLICATES IN PLACE WE'LL BE SAFE.



SEE THAT THEY ARE PUT OVER IMMEDIATELY; UNDER THAT BUOY OUT THERE WOULD BE A GOOD SPOT. MAKE SURE THAT THE NORFOLK PAPERS ARE BURNED AND THE NEW ONES IN ORDER.

I'VE ALREADY DONE SO. AS SOON AS THE BOXES ARE REPLACED WE'LL BE READY FOR ANYONE!

MEANWHILE, IN THE N.Y. OFFICES OF THE F.B.I. . . .

THEY COVERED THEMSELVES FROM EVERY ANGLE. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM NOW!

WE'VE NOTIFYED THE HARBOR POLICE AND ALERTED EVERY PORT CITY TO SEARCH ALL SHIPS! YOU'D BETTER GET SOME REST. THAT WAS A ROUGH SWIM.

I FEEL FINE. I WOULDN'T MISS BEING IN ON THE KILL FOR ANYTHING!

YOU CAN COME, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY ON THE DOCK. DON'T WANT THEM TO RECOGNIZE YOU.



SOME TIME LATER HARBOR POLICE AND F.B.I. AGENTS SWARM ABOARD THE FREIGHTER...

THIS SHIP IS IMPounded. WE ARE SEARCHING HER FOR CONTRABAND.

CONTRABAND! MY DEAR SIR, WE ARE JUST AN ORDINARY FREIGHTER. YOU ARE MISTAKEN, BUT AS YOU WISH. THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN.



I ASSURE YOU, YOU WILL FIND NOTHING. WE DO NOT DEAL IN SMUGGLING.

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN...MAKE IT THOROUGH, BOYS.



THE SEARCHING PARTY DISCOVERS THE DUPLICATE LEAD-COVERED BOXES...

CHIEF! QUICK! I THINK WE'VE FOUND IT!

WAIT! DON'T TOUCH THAT!

STEP ASIDE, CAPTAIN, WE'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT'S IN THOSE!



PLEASE! PLEASE! GENTLEMEN, NO! THESE BOXES CONTAIN VERY DELICATE SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS THAT WILL BE RUINED BY THE SLIGHTEST CONTACT WITH RADIOACTIVITY. I BEG YOU NOT TO OPEN THEM!

I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT...MOVE HIM OUT OF THERE, BOYS.



STOP! I TELL THE TRUTH! YOU WILL BE SORRY IF YOU OPEN THEM!

NEVER MIND HIM, BOYS, OPEN THEM!



THE BOXES ARE OPENED AND THE EMBARRASSED AGENTS FIND EXACTLY WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAID THEY WOULD FIND. SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS...

I GUESS WE PULLED A BONER, CHIEF. THE REST OF THE SHIP IS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE.

I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN, BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS. I HAD TO DO IT.

YOU WILL REGRET THIS, SIR. MY CONSUL WILL HEAR OF THIS AFFAIR AND I WILL HAVE SATISFACTION!



ALL RIGHT, MEN. GUESS IT WAS A FALSE ALARM. LET'S GO... ONCE MORE, CAPTAIN, MAY I SAY I AM SORRY FOR THE TROUBLE YOU HAVE BEEN PUT TO.

YOU HAVE NOT HEARD THE END OF THIS. IF THOSE INSTRUMENTS ARE DAMAGED, YOU WILL BE HELD RESPONSIBLE!

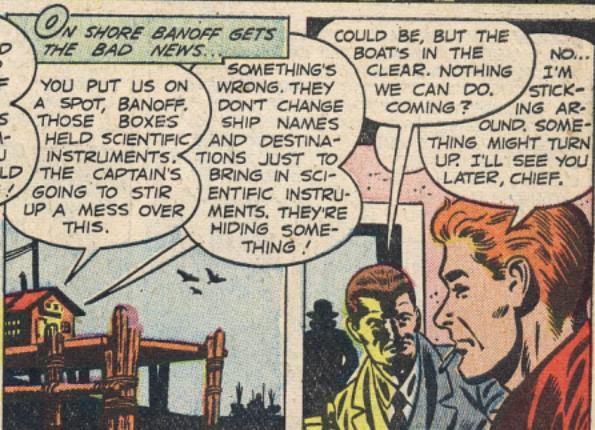
IF HE'S STILL ALIVE!

ON SHORE BANOFF GETS THE BAD NEWS...

YOU PUT US ON A SPOT, BANOFF. THOSE BOXES HELD SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS. THE CAPTAIN'S GOING TO STIR UP A MESS OVER THIS.

SOMETHING'S WRONG. THEY DON'T CHANGE SHIP NAMES AND DESTINATIONS JUST TO BRING IN SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS. THEY'RE HIDING SOMETHING!

COULD BE, BUT THE BOAT'S IN THE CLEAR. NOTHING WE CAN DO. STICKING AROUND SOME-THING MIGHT TURN UP. I'LL SEE YOU LATER, CHIEF.



ABOARD SHIP...

HA-HA-HO-HO! LOOK AT THE FOOLS GO! I'M GLAD THIS HAPPENED. NOW WE ARE THE INJURED INNOCENT. THEY WON'T EVEN WATCH US NOW. SEND OUT THE LAUNCH FOR THE REAL BOXES!

YES, SIR. THE STUPID OXEN WERE COMPLETELY POOLED. OUR SUPERIORS NEVER LEAVE A LOOSE THREAD, EVERYTHING IS THOUGHT OF!



FROM A HIDDEN SPOT ON THE DOCK, BANOFF SEES THE LAUNCH GO AND RETURN WITH THE REAL BOXES...

HA, I KNEW IT WAS A FAKE. THEY HAD THE REAL BOXES IN THE HARBOR. I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING...



SECONDS LATER.

I MUST FIND OUT WHAT THEY PLAN TO DO. PERHAPS THEY WANT TO SHIP THE BOMB INLAND OR PLANT IT IN THE CITY...

ON THE FREIGHTER, BANOFF SPIES THROUGH THE CABIN WINDOW AS A SINISTER FIGURE CREEPS UP BEHIND HIM...

HOLY SMOKE, THEY'RE PUTTING IT TOGETHER RIGHT IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN. THEY MUST PLAN TO BLOW THE SHIP UP WITH THE BOMB AND THE HARBOR WITH IT.

I WONDER IF THERE IS STILL TIME TO GET THE F.B.I. UNHHH! A SPY! THE CAPTAIN WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW ABOUT YOU... YII! IT'S BANOFF!



WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS BANOFF FINDS HIMSELF INSIDE THE CABIN WITNESSING AN AMAZING SCENE...

SO, BANOFF, YOU ARE THE ONE WHO GAVE AWAY OUR SECRET. PRETTY CLEVER, BUT UNFORTUNATELY NOT CLEVER ENOUGH. DOG! STAND UP WHEN I TALK TO YOU!

OHH, MY HEAD... MUST STOP HIM... FLARE GUNS!... IF I COULD HIT THE TRIGGER MECHANISM...



WELL, TRAITOROUS SNAKE, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF? SPEAK UP!... AYEEEE! STOP!!

THIS, CAPTAIN, THAT WHILE I'M ALIVE YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH YOUR HORRIBLE SCHEME!

SHOOT HIM!



STOP HIM! STOP HIM! IF THAT HITS THE BOMB...

ALL RIGHT, BANOFF, YOU'VE HAD YOUR FLING!

DO NOT FEAR, CAPTAIN, THE BOMB CAN ONLY BE SET OFF BY THE TRIGGER MECHANISM!

UNHHH!



WAIT...DON'T SHOOT! DO YOU WANT THE SHIP SWARMING WITH POLICE! THE BOMB WILL ERADICATE HIM MORE COMPLETELY, HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO MAKE ANOTHER TRIGGER?

NOT OVER THIRTY MINUTES, CAPTAIN. IT IS NO GREAT LOSS. JUST A SHORT DELAY.



GOOD. WE MUST REACH THE BOAT THAT IS GOING TO PICK US UP BEFORE MORNING OR THEY WILL LEAVE. THEY'RE AT THE OTHER END OF STATEN ISLAND... NOW TIE HIM UP AND GAG HIM. I WANT NO SLIP-UPS THIS TIME.

DON'T WORRY, I'LL SEE TO THAT!



**B**OUND AND HELPLESS BANOFF WATCHES IN HORROR AS THE TRIGGER IS REBUILT...

I'M A BUNGLING FOOL... THAT BOMB WILL KILL THOUSANDS, WRECK THE CITY, IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING...



**A**S THE MINUTES TICK BY AND THE JOB NEARS COMPLETION BANOFF SINKS INTO A MORASS OF DISPAIR... THEN SUDDENLY AT THE DOOR AND Portholes...

THE CHIEF AND HIS MEN! THANK GOD...

ALL RIGHT, RAISE THEM, AND HIGH! DETACH THAT TRIGGER QUICK AND ONE OF YOU RELEASE BANOFF!

NO!  
NO! IT CANNOT BE!



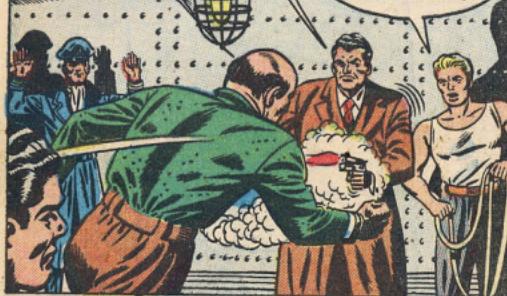
IT IS HIS FAULT! I'LL KILL...  
**AAGHH!**

ANYONE ELSE WANT A SLUG? JUST START MOVING!

THANK GOD, YOU GOT HERE! I WAS SURE IT WAS ALL OVER. I THOUGHT THOSE RATS HAD YOU BUFFALOED.

SORRY YOU HAD TO BE SCARED THAT WAY, BANOFF, BUT I WANTED TO GET THEM WITH THE GOODS. I WANTED THEM TO BRING OUT THE REAL STUFF!

IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE AS LONG AS YOU GOT HERE.



TAKE 'EM AWAY, BOYS. WE'D BETTER NOT TOUCH THIS BABY TILL WE GET SOME ATOMIC EXPERTS HERE TO LOOK IT OVER. I'LL HAVE THE DOCK SEALED OFF.

IF THAT THING HAD GONE OFF THE DAMAGE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ESTIMATED. THE PUBLIC MUST NEVER KNOW HOW CLOSE THEY CAME TO SUDDEN DEATH!

**SOME WEEKS LATER IN WASHINGTON...**

ANDRIKO BANOFF, WE PRESENT YOU WITH THIS MEDAL AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM FROM A GRATEFUL COUNTRY. YOUR DEED WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY!



**T**HUS ENDED AN EVIL ATTEMPT THAT MIGHT HAVE WRECKED EVERY PORT IN THE U.S. IN THE SWIFT RAID THAT FOLLOWED TWELVE MORE BOMBS WERE UNCOVERED AND THE HORRIBLE THREAT OF ATOMIC DESTRUCTION WAS ENDED BY THE ALERTNESS AND RESOURCEFULNESS OF AGENT NK4, ANDRIKO BANOFF....



The END



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an

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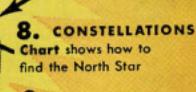
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